ATLAS COMICS
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NO. 2
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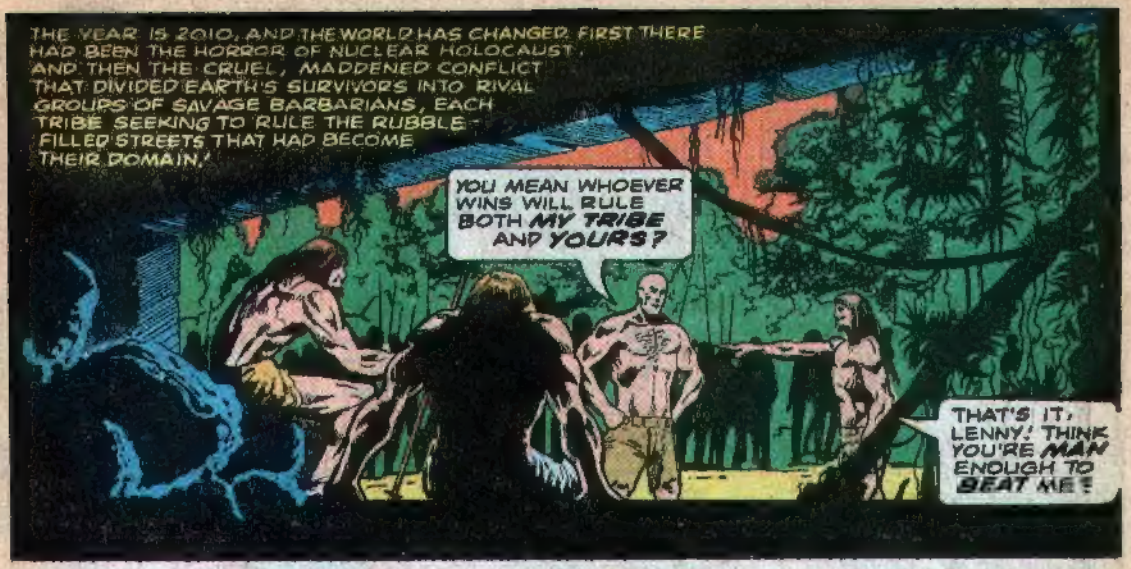
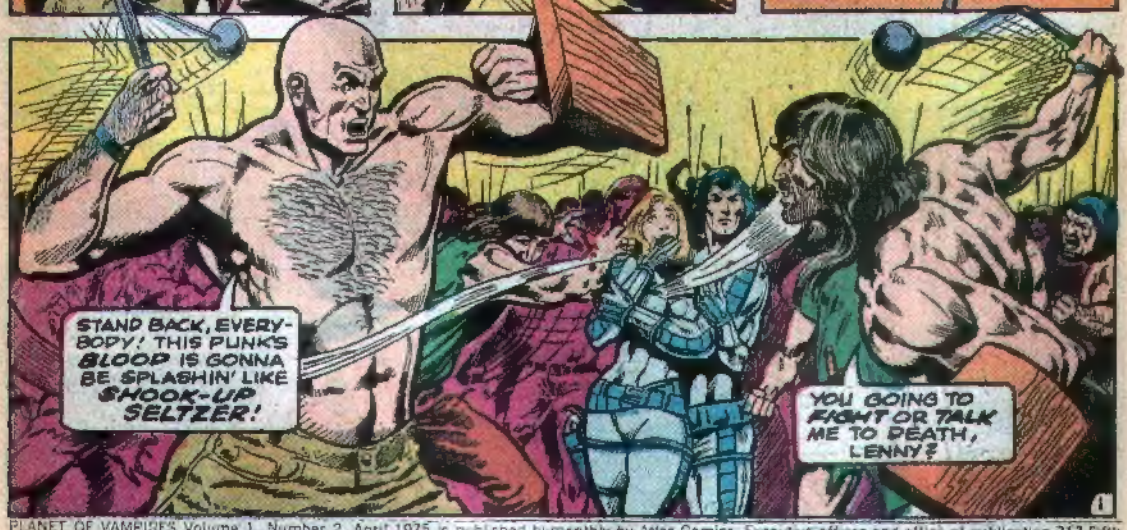
PLANET of VAMPIRES™
DON'T STRUGGLE, MY DEAR!
SOON, YOU SHALL RULE BY MY SIDE AS... QUEEN OF THE VAMPIRES!
THE LAST HUMANS ON EARTH BATTLE FOR SURVIVAL in
QUEST of BLOOD





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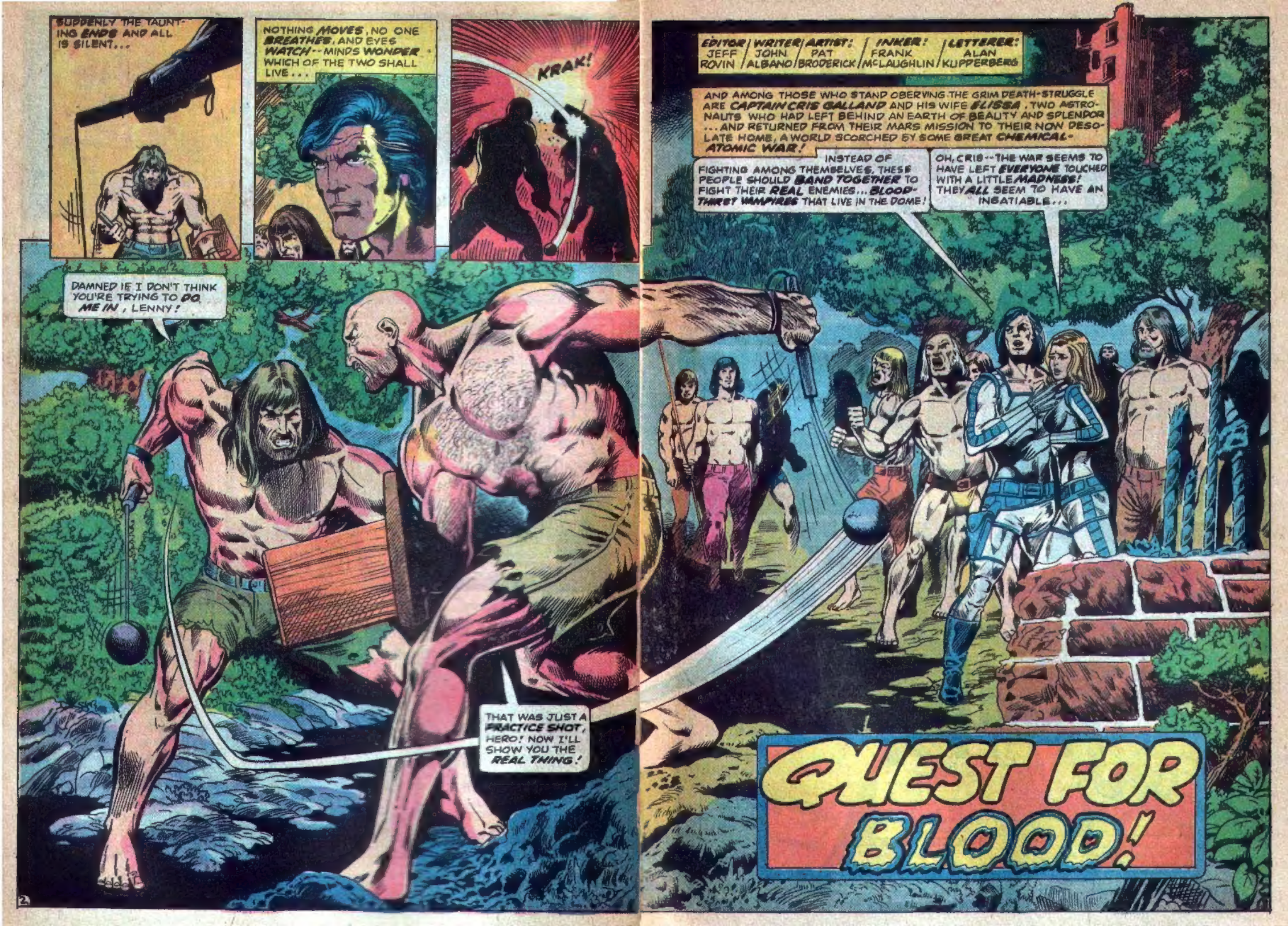
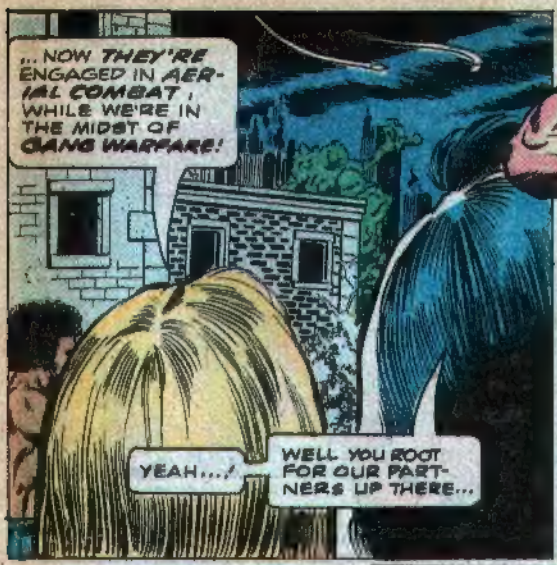
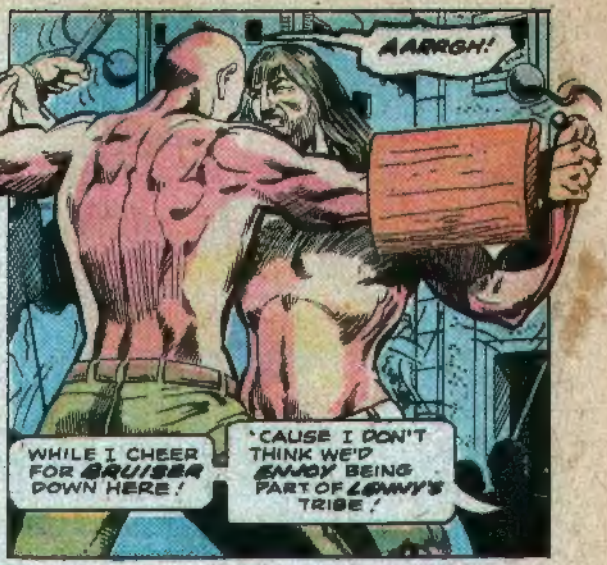
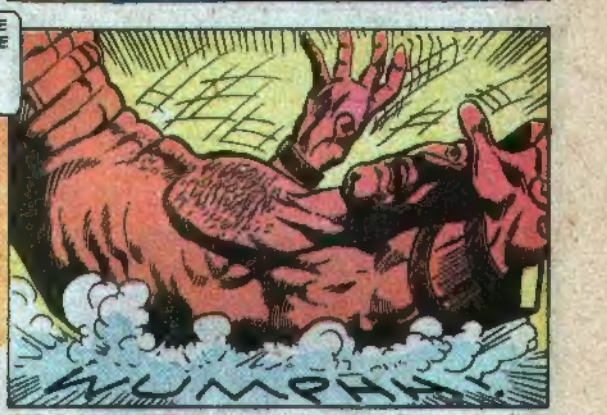

SUDDENLY THE TAUNTING ENDS AND ALL IS SILENT...
NOTHING MOVES, NO ONE BREATHES, AND EYES WATCH -- MINDS WONDER WHICH OF THE TWO SHALL LIVE...
KRAK!
DAMNED IF I DON'T THINK YOU'RE TRYING TO DO ME IN, LENNY!
THAT WAS JUST A PRACTICE SHOT, HERO! NOW I'LL SHOW YOU THE REAL THING!
EDITOR: JEFF ROVIN
WRITER: JOHN ALBANO
ARTIST: PAT BRODERICK
INKER: FRANK McLAUGHLIN
LETTERER: ALAN KUPPERBERG
AND AMONG THOSE WHO STAND OBERVING THE GRIM DEATH-STRUGGLE ARE CAPTAIN CRIS GALLAND AND HIS WIFE ELISSA, TWO ASTRONAUTS WHO HAD LEFT BEHIND AN EARTH OF BEAUTY AND SPLENDOR ...AND RETURNED FROM THEIR MARS MISSION TO THEIR NOW DESOLATE HOME, A WORLD SCORCHED BY SOME GREAT CHEMICAL-ATOMIC WAR!
INSTEAD OF FIGHTING AMONG THEMBELVES, THESE PEOPLE SHOULD BAND TOGETHER TO FIGHT THEIR REAL ENEMIES... BLOOD-THIRST VAMPIRES THAT LIVE IN THE DOME!
OH, CRIS -- THE WAR SEEMS TO HAVE LEFT EVERYONE TOUCHED WITH A LITTLE MADNESS! THEY ALL SEEM TO HAVE AN INSATIABLE...
QUEST FOR BLOOD!

WHAM!
DAMNIT, BRUISER! YOU MOVE FASTER'N A RAT WITH IT'S TAIL ON FIRE!
SORRY, LENNY! BUT THAT'S THE ONLY WAY TO SURVIVE IN THIS STINKIN' WORLD!
MEANWHILE, HIGH ABOVE THE EARTH SURFACE...
ANOTHER BATTLE ERUPTS...
CHRIS... LOOK! UP IN THE SKY!
I SEE THEM, ELISSA... IT'S OUR FELLOW ASTRONAUTS, IN THE 'FLOATER' CRAFT THEY STOLE FROM THE DOME DWELLERS... AND THEY'RE BEING PURSUED!
OH CHRIS! IS THERE NO END TO THIS MADNESS? FIRST THE FOUR OF US WERE HELD CAPTIVE BY THE BLOOD-SUCKING DOME DWELLERS!
THEN CRAIG AND BRENDA ESCAPED FROM THE DOME BY AIR WHILE WE FLED ON FOOT!
AND NOW...


...NOW THEY'RE ENGAGED IN AERIAL COMBAT, WHILE WE'RE IN THE MIDST OF GANG WARFARE!
YEAH...!
WELL YOU ROOT FOR OUR PARTNERS UP THERE...


AARRGH!
WHILE I CHEER FOR BRUISER DOWN HERE!
'CAUSE I DON'T THINK WE'D ENJOY BEING PART OF LENNY'S TRIBE!

ENOUGH! YOU'VE HAD YOUR CHANCE AT BAT, LENNY... NOW IT'S MY TURN!


WUMPHH!

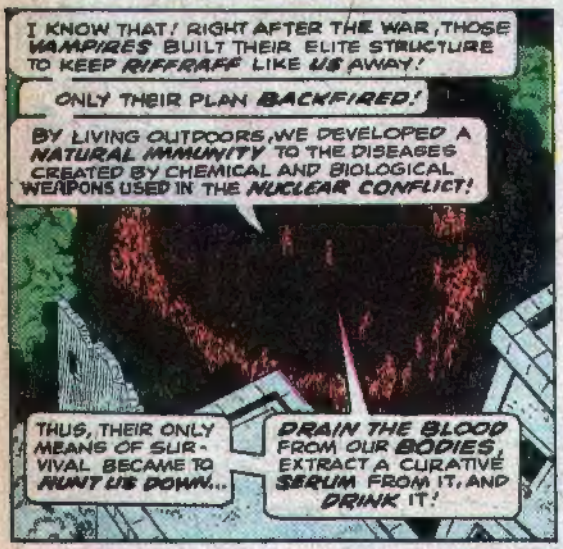
OKAY--I'M DOWN! WHAT'RE YOU WAITIN' FOR, BRUISER?
KILL ME!

W-WHAT'S WRONG WITH ME? HE'D HAVE KILLED ME WITHOUT SO MUCH AS A SECOND THOUGHT!

CAN'T DO IT!
GET UP, LENNY!

HUH? WHY DIDN'T YOU FINISH ME OFF? YOU TRYING TO SHOW EVERYBODY WHAT A NOBLE GUY YOU ARE?
LISTEN, LENNY, AND LISTEN GOOD! WE'VE GOT TO BEGIN ACTING LIKE CIVILIZED HUMANS AGAIN!

BEFORE WE CAN DO THAT, WE'VE GOT TO GO AFTER THOSE DOME DWELLING VULTURES!
HUH? BUT AREN'T YOU GETTIN' YOUR WIRES MIXED? THEY'RE THE HUNTERS... AND WE'RE THE HUNTED!


I KNOW THAT! RIGHT AFTER THE WAR, THOSE VAMPIRES BUILT THEIR ELITE STRUCTURE TO KEEP RIFFRAFF LIKE US AWAY!
ONLY THEIR PLAN BACKFIRED!
BY LIVING OUTDOORS, WE DEVELOPED A NATURAL IMMUNITY TO THE DISEASES CREATED BY CHEMICAL AND BIOLOGICAL WEAPONS USED IN THE NUCLEAR CONFLICT!
THUS, THEIR ONLY MEANS OF SURVIVAL BECAME TO HUNT US DOWN...
DRAIN THE BLOOD FROM OUR BODIES, EXTRACT A CURATIVE SERUM FROM IT, AND DRINK IT!

MEANWHILE, MILES ABOVE THE GATHERING...
FLOATER ZERO-FIVE TO HOME BASE...
WE'RE STILL IN PURSUIT OF ASTRONAUTS...
BUT ARE HAVING DIFFICULTY FORCING THEIR CRAFT TO LAND AND SURRENDER...
VOOM!
THE VAMPIRE FLOATERS GIVE CHRIS GALLAND AN IDEA!

SO NOW YOU'RE SUGGESTING THAT WE ATTACK THEM?!
FORGET IT, BRUISER! WITH ALL THEIR SOPHISTICATED WEAPONRY, WE'D BE MASSACRED!
YOU'LL BE MASSACRED IF YOU DON'T STRIKE AT THE VAMPIRES!
AND WE MIGHT AS WELL START RIGHT NOW!

THOSE FLOATERS UP THERE MAY BE THE ANSWER!
THE ONE BEING CHASED IS MANNED BY TWO MEMBERS OF MY SPACE CREW!

YOU ARE FORTUNATE THAT OUR ORDERS ARE TO CAPTURE RATHER THAN KILL!

SINCE WE WILL FORCE YOU DOWN EVENTUALLY, WHY NOT SURRENDER AND MAKE IT EASY!?

LISTEN TO THOSE AMATUER CLOUD JOCKEYS, BRENDA!

I THINK IT'S TIME I QUIT PLAYING AROUND AND SHOWED THEM SOME REAL FLYING!

I SECOND THAT! LET THEM SEE WHAT AN EX-FIGHTER PILOT ACE CAN DO WHEN HE WANTS TO!

BYE BYE, BLOOD SUCKERS!

?!

MEANWHILE...

YOU HEARD ME! I WANT NO PART OF YOUR IDIOTIC WAR WITH THE DOME DWELLERS!

IT REALLY DOESN'T MATTER WHAT YOU WANT! BOTH TRIBES ARE GOING TO FOLLOW MY ORDERS SO LET'S EXECUTE YOUR PLAN, CAPTAIN!

ROGER!

NOW HERE'S WHAT I WANT YOUR PEOPLE TO DO...

AND SOON AFTER, UNDER CAPTAIN GALLAND'S GUIDANCE...

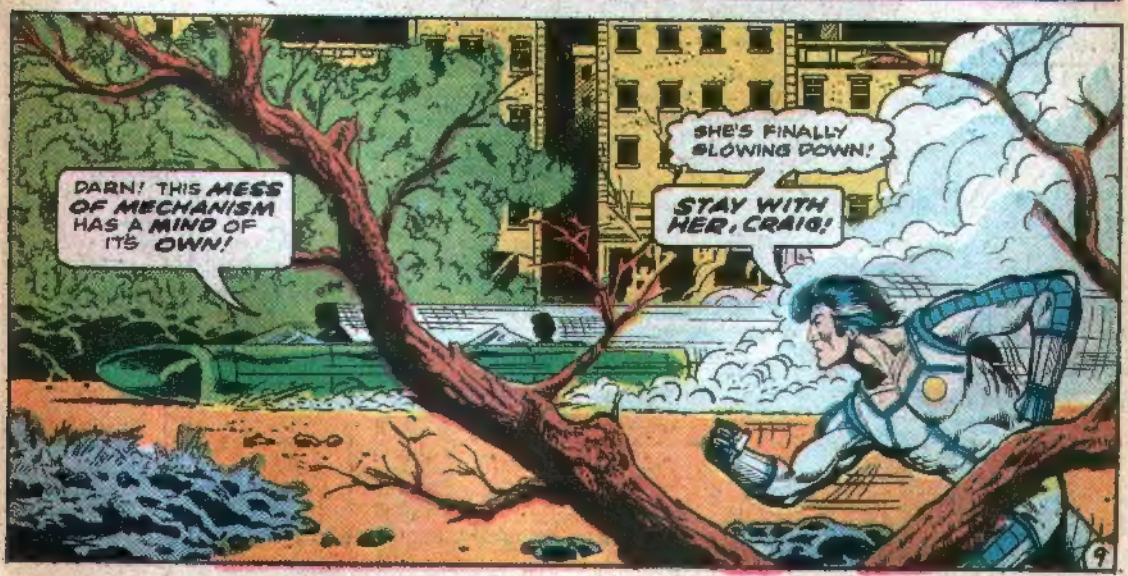
THEN...
HEY, WHAT'S GOING ON DOWN THERE, CRAIG?
BEATS ME! COULD BE THOSE STREET PEOPLE ARE CONDUCTING SOME KIND OF CEREMONY!

WAIT A MINUTE! THAT'S A HOME-MADE, TORCH-LIT LANDING STRIP!!
RIGHT ON, BABY! YOU WIN THE CIGAR!

OLD CAPTAIN CHRIS IS TELLING US TO SET DOWN!
MAN... THAT FLYBOY IS ONE SMART COOKARINO!

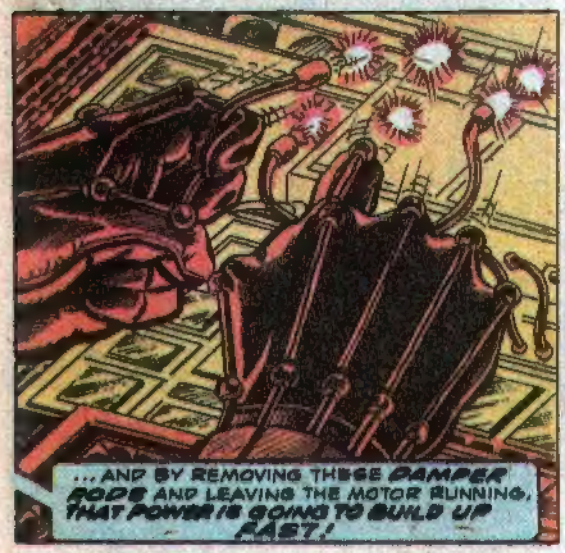
CHRIS' PALS GOT THE MESSAGE! HERE THEY COME!
YEAH, NOW GET READY-- THE CAPTAIN'S NOT SURE HIS FRIENDS KNOW HOW TO LAND THAT FLOATER!

I'VE GOT NEWS FOR THE CAPTAIN -- THEY SURE DON'T!
LET'S GET OUTTA HERE!
CRAIG! SLOW IT DOWN! SLOW IT DOWN!
WHAT IN HELL DO YOU THINK I'M TRYING TO DO, BRENDA?

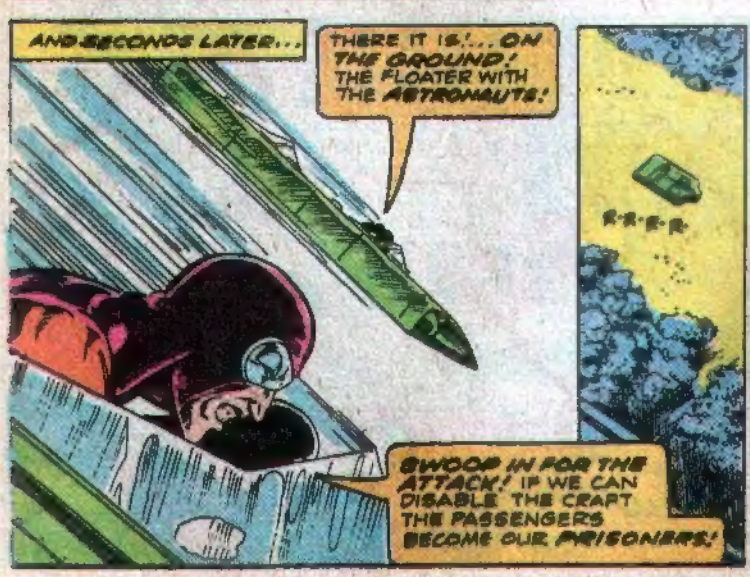

DARN! THIS MESS OF MECHANISM HAS A MIND OF IT'S OWN!
SHE'S FINALLY SLOWING DOWN!
STAY WITH HER, CRAIG!

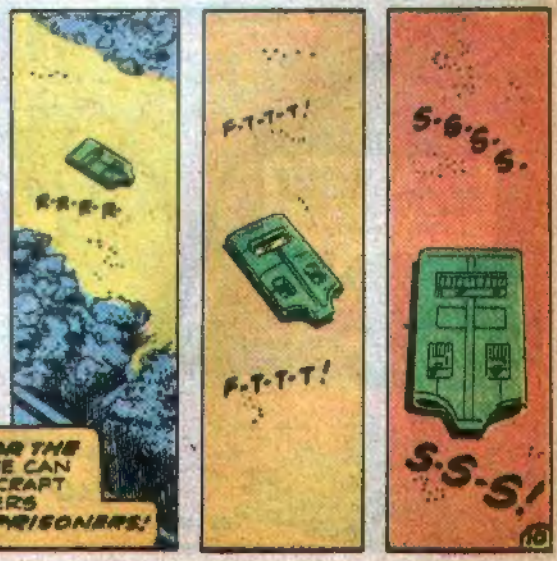
HE DID IT!
THE CRAFT HAS STOPPED!
NOW I'VE GOT TO WORK FAST!

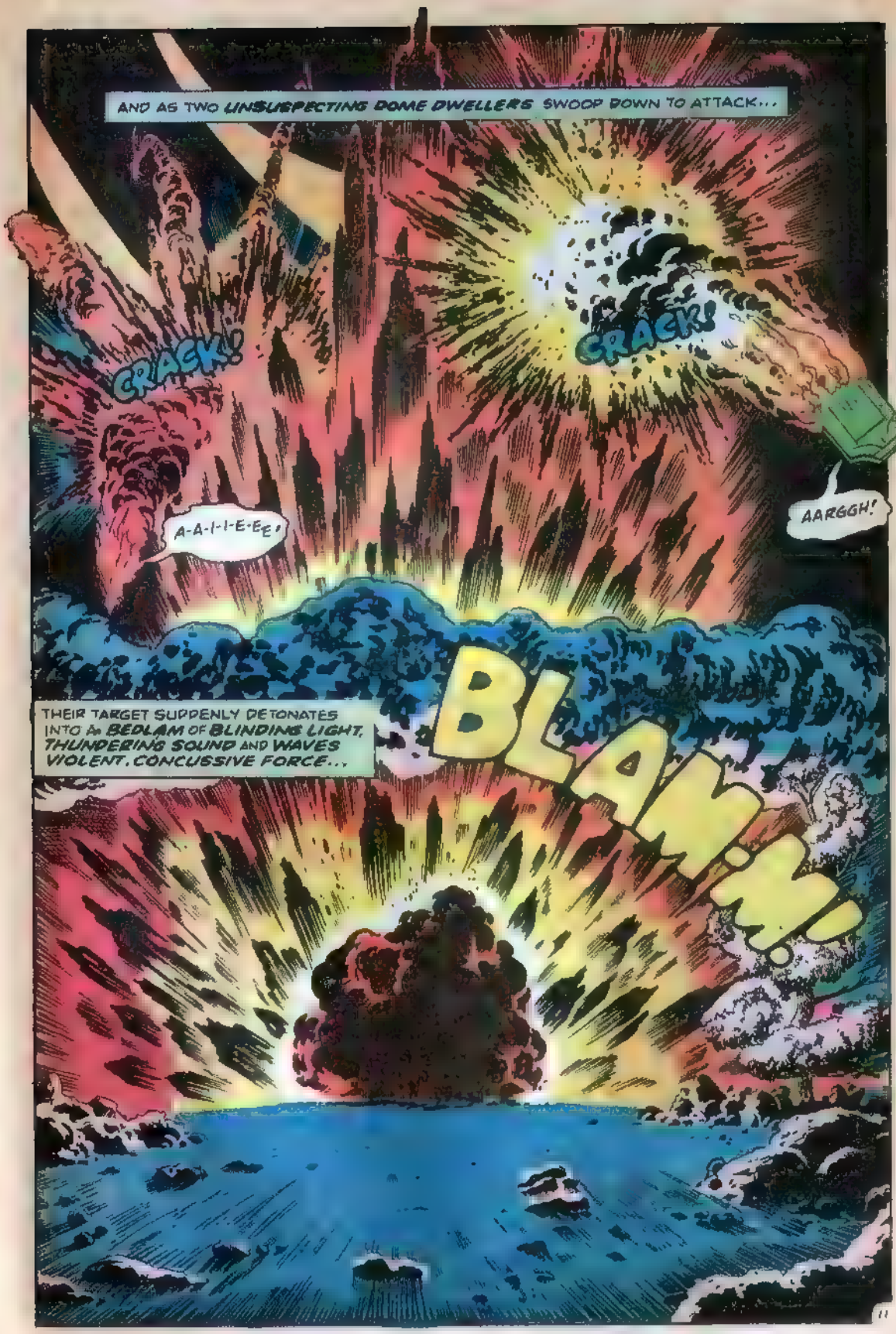
AND WITHIN MINUTES...
WHAT'S YOUR BIG INTEREST IN THE FLOATER'S MOTOR CHRIS?
THESE MACHINES OPERATE ON ATOMIC POWER, CRAIG...

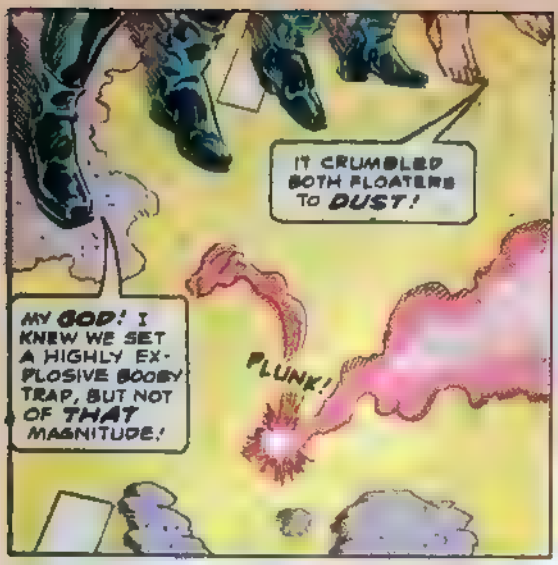

...AND BY REMOVING THESE DAMPER RODS AND LEAVING THE MOTOR RUNNING, THAT POWER IS GOING TO BUILD UP FAST!

WHICH MEANS THAT FLOATER IS NOW A TIME BOMB!
...SO LET'S GET THE HELL OUTTA HERE!


AND SECONDS LATER...
THERE IT IS!... ON THE GROUND! THE FLOATER WITH THE ASTRONAUTS!
SWOOP IN FOR THE ATTACK! IF WE CAN DISABLE THE CRAFT THE PASSENGERS BECOME OUR PRISONERS!

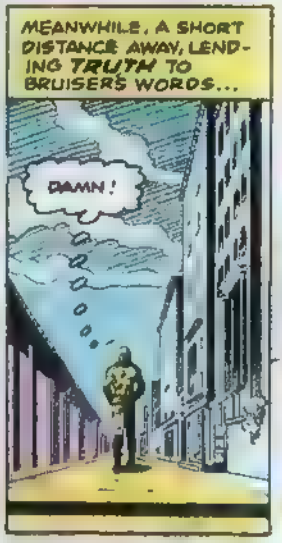

R-R-R-R
F-T-T-T!
F-T-T-T!
S-S-S-S.
S-S-S!

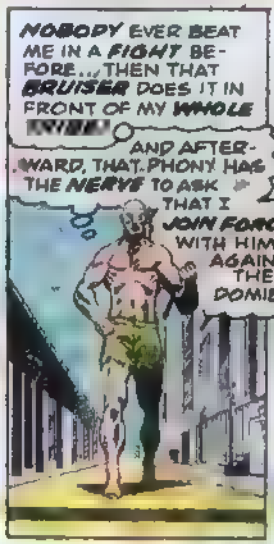

AND AS TWO UNSUSPECTING DOME DWELLERS SWOOP DOWN TO ATTACK...
CRACK!
CRACK!
A-A-I-I-E-EE!
AARGGH!
THEIR TARGET SUDDENLY DETONATES INTO A BEDLAM OF BLINDING LIGHT, THUNDERING SOUND AND WAVES VIOLENT, CONCUSSIVE FORCE...
BLAM!


IT CRUMBLED BOTH FLOATERS TO DUST!
MY GOD! I KNEW WE SET A HIGHLY EXPLOSIVE BOOBY TRAP, BUT NOT OF THAT MAGNITUDE!
PLUNK!

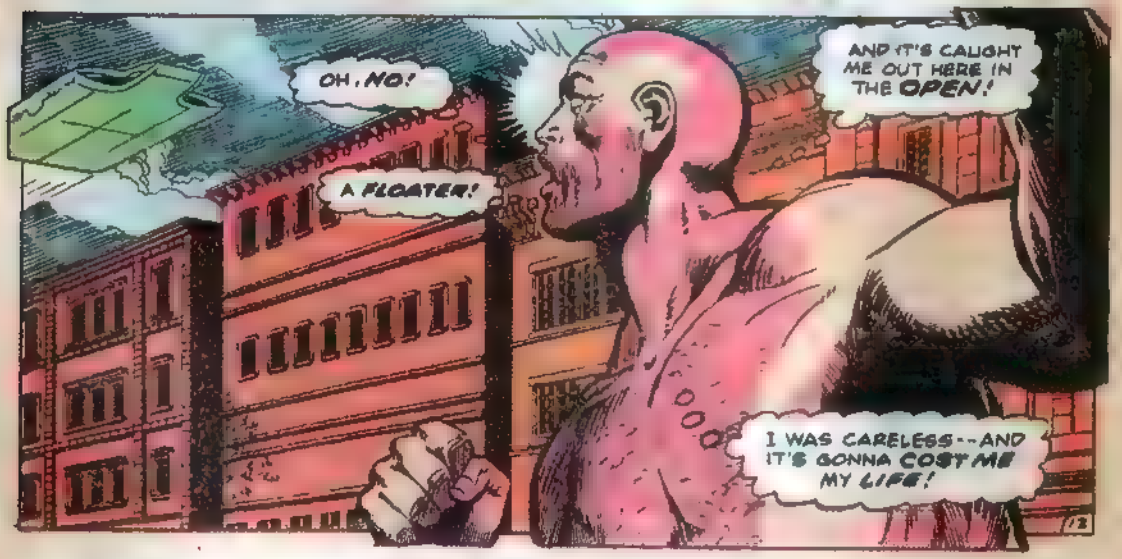
A SMALL VICTORY, PERHAPS--
BUT IT SHOULD PROVE TO YOUR PEOPLE THAT THOSE DOME DWELLERS CAN BE DEFEATED, BRUISER!
YEAH..

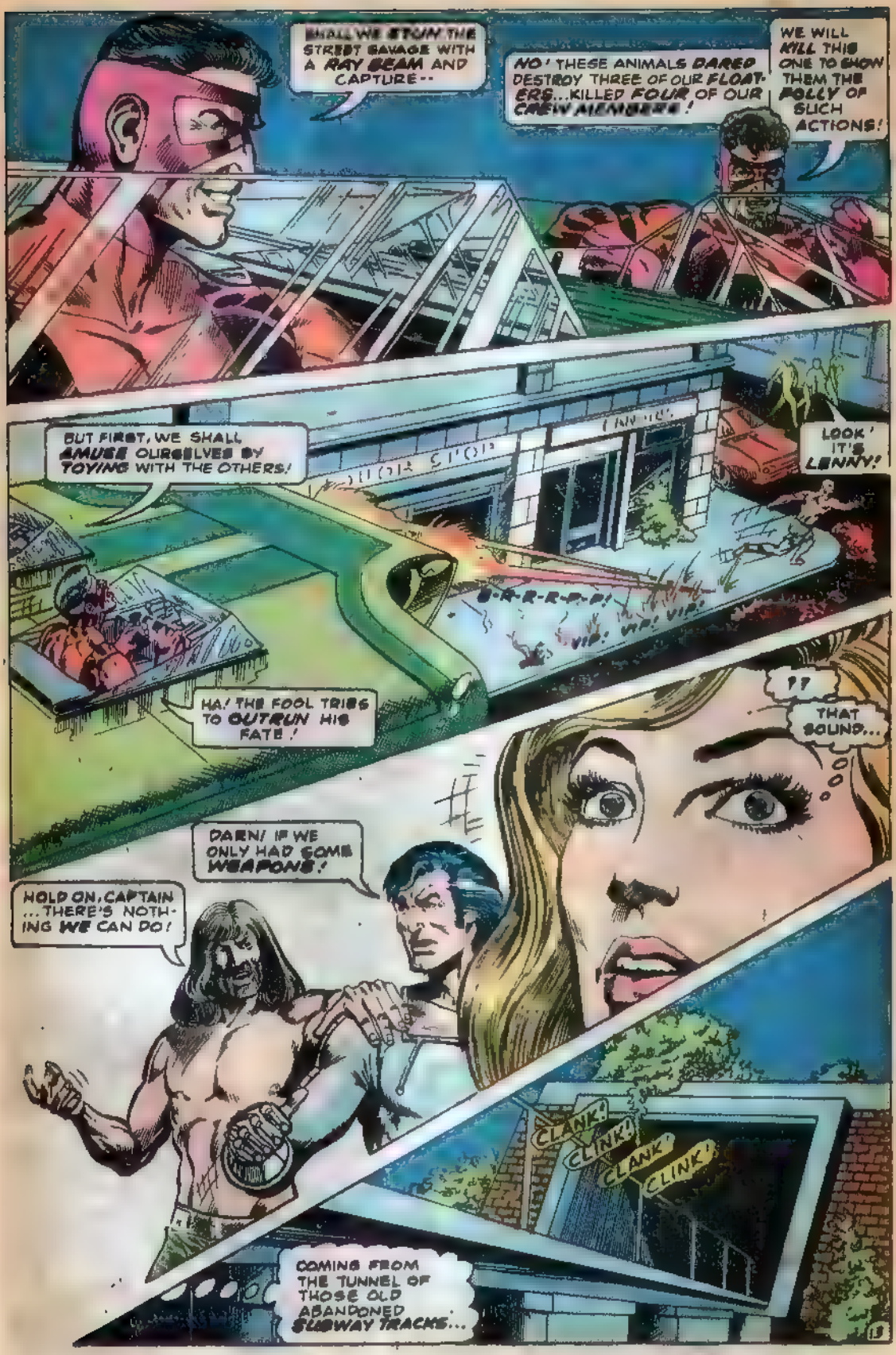
BUT NOW WE'D BETTER GET READY FOR RETALIATORY STRIKES FROM THEM!

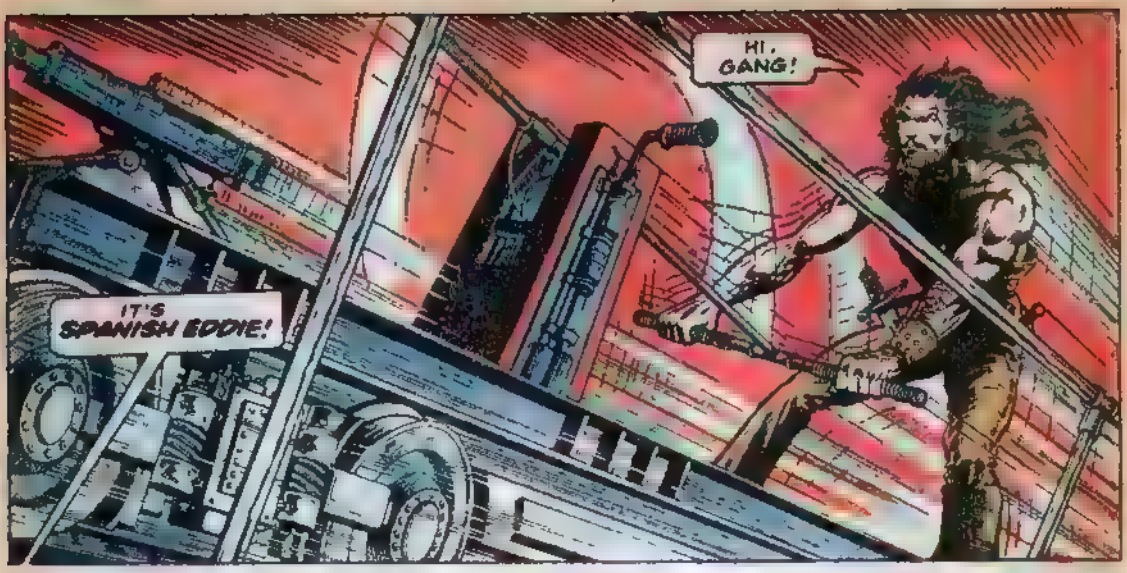

MEANWHILE, A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY, LENDING TRUTH TO BRUISER'S WORDS...
DAMN!

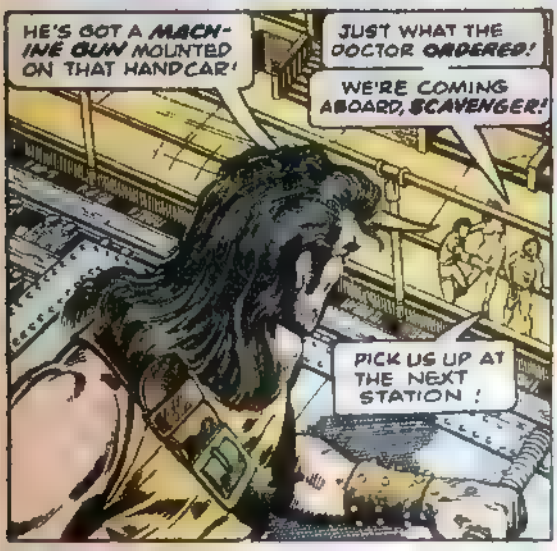

NOBODY EVER BEAT ME IN A FIGHT BEFORE... THEN THAT BRUISER DOES IT IN FRONT OF MY WHOLE TRIBE!
AND AFTERWARD, THAT PHONY HAS THE NERVE TO ASK THAT I JOIN FORCES WITH HIM AGAINST THE DOMES!

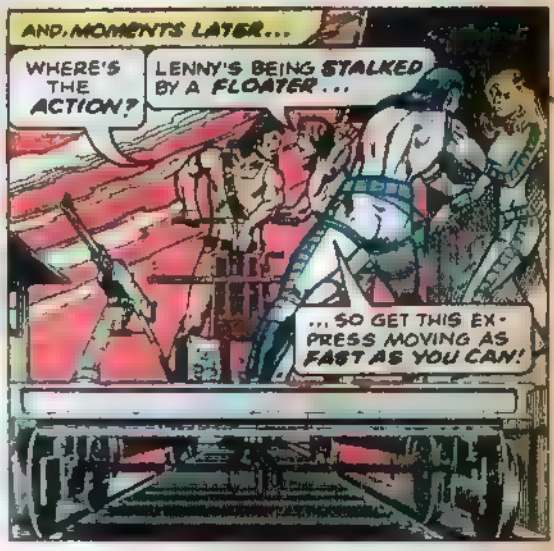
HE'S GOT SOME CHANCE OF GETTING ME TO--
??


OH, NO!
A FLOATER!
AND IT'S CAUGHT ME OUT HERE IN THE OPEN!
I WAS CARELESS--AND IT'S GONNA COST ME MY LIFE!

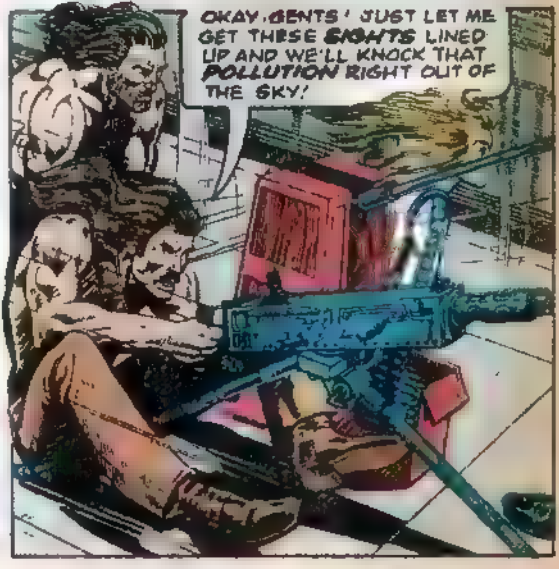

SHALL WE STUN THE STREET SAVAGE WITH A RAY BEAM AND CAPTURE--
NO! THESE ANIMALS DARED DESTROY THREE OF OUR FLOATERS...KILLED FOUR OF OUR CREW MEMBERS!
WE WILL KILL THIS ONE TO SHOW THEM THE FOLLY OF SUCH ACTIONS!
BUT FIRST, WE SHALL AMUSE OURSELVES BY TOYING WITH THE OTHERS!
LOOK! IT'S LENNY!
B-R-R-R-R-R!
VIP! VIP! VIP!
HA! THE FOOL TRIES TO OUTRUN HIS FATE!
??
THAT SOUND...
DARN! IF WE ONLY HAD SOME WEAPONS!
HOLD ON, CAPTAIN ...THERE'S NOTHING WE CAN DO!
CLANK!
CLINK!
CLANK
CLINK!
COMING FROM THE TUNNEL OF THOSE OLD ABANDONED SUBWAY TRACKS...

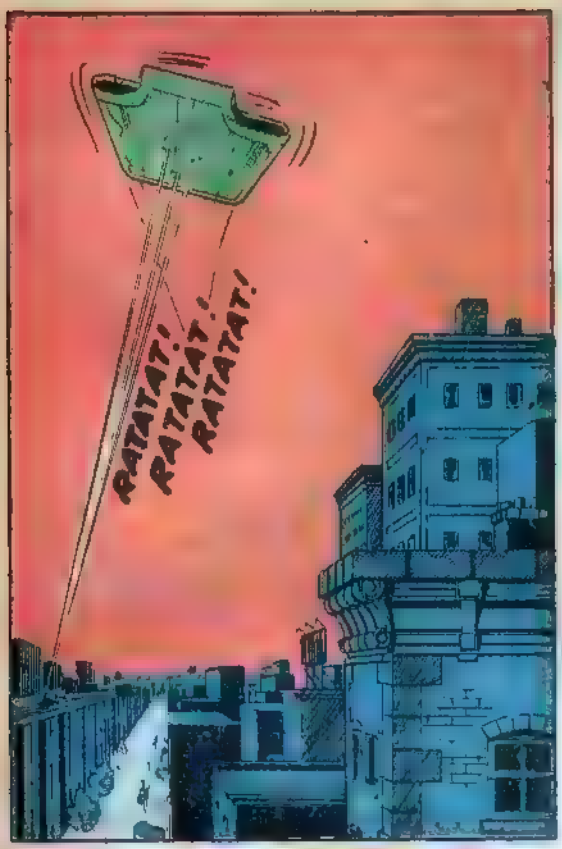

HI, GANG!
IT'S SPANISH EDDIE!


HE'S GOT A MACHINE GUN MOUNTED ON THAT HANDCAR!
JUST WHAT THE DOCTOR ORDERED!
WE'RE COMING ABOARD, SCAVENGER!
PICK US UP AT THE NEXT STATION!

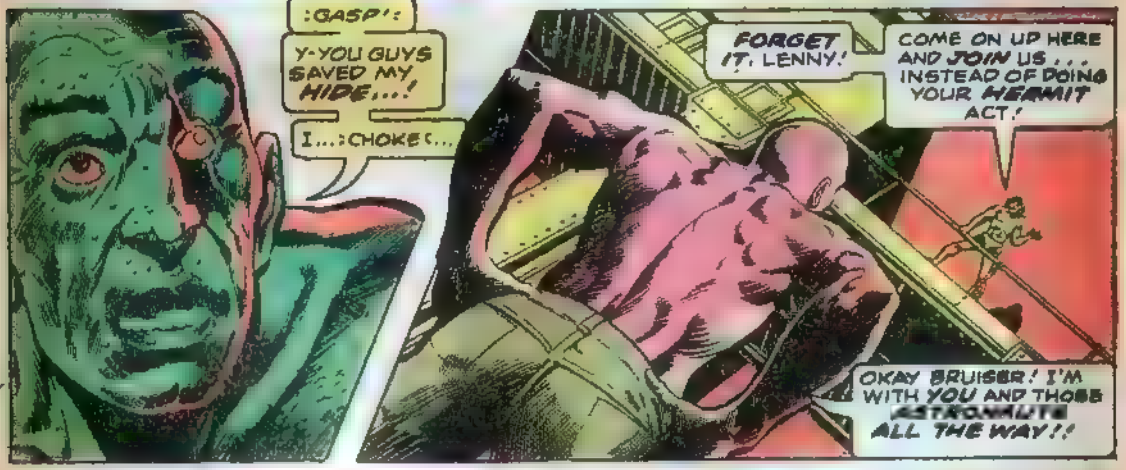

AND, MOMENTS LATER...
WHERE'S THE ACTION?
LENNY'S BEING STALKED BY A FLOATER...
...SO GET THIS EXPRESS MOVING AS FAST AS YOU CAN!

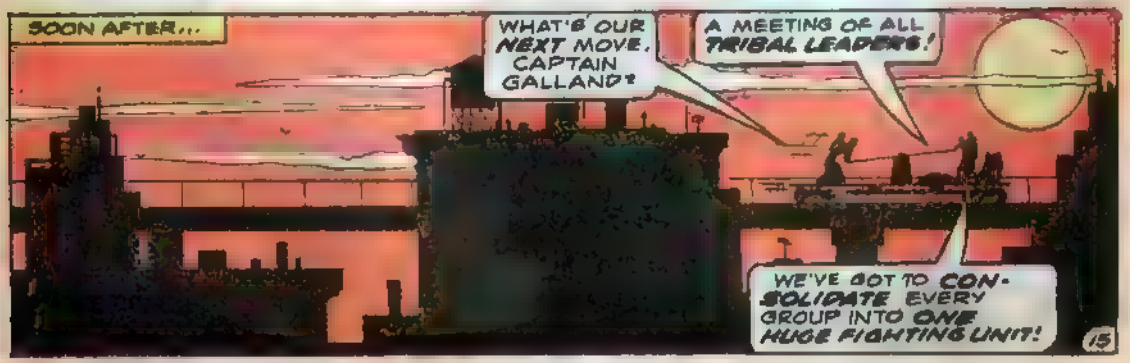
OVER THERE!
THERE'S OUR PIGEON!

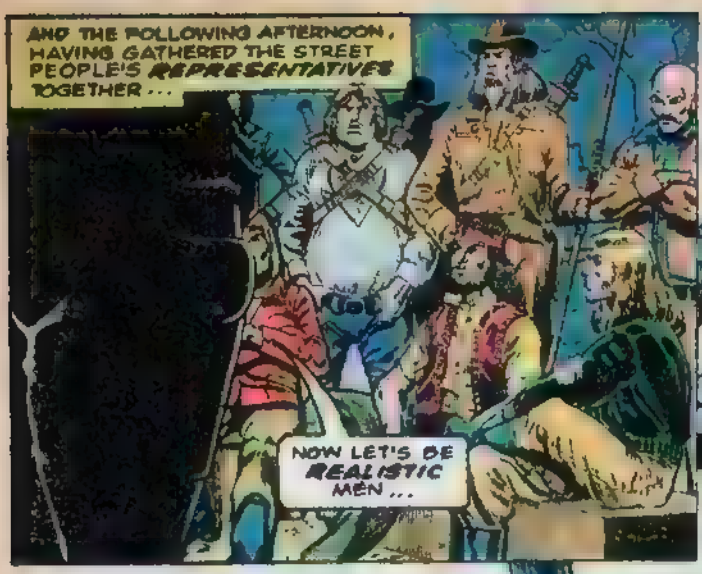

OKAY, GENTS! JUST LET ME GET THESE SIGHTS LINED UP AND WE'LL KNOCK THAT POLLUTION RIGHT OUT OF THE SKY!

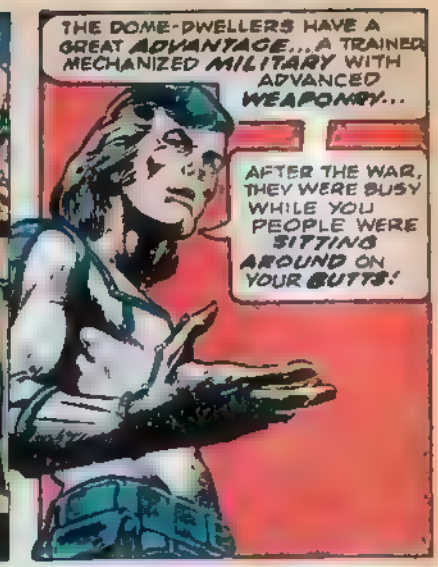

RATATAT! RATATAT! RATATAT!

WHOOMMP!
BULLSEYE! SCORE ONE FOR THE GOOD GUYS!
WHILE BELOW...


:GASP!:
Y-YOU GUYS SAVED MY HIDE...!
I...:CHOKE:...
FORGET IT, LENNY!
COME ON UP HERE AND JOIN US... INSTEAD OF DOING YOUR HERMIT ACT!
OKAY BRUISER! I'M WITH YOU AND THOSE ASTRONAUTS ALL THE WAY!!

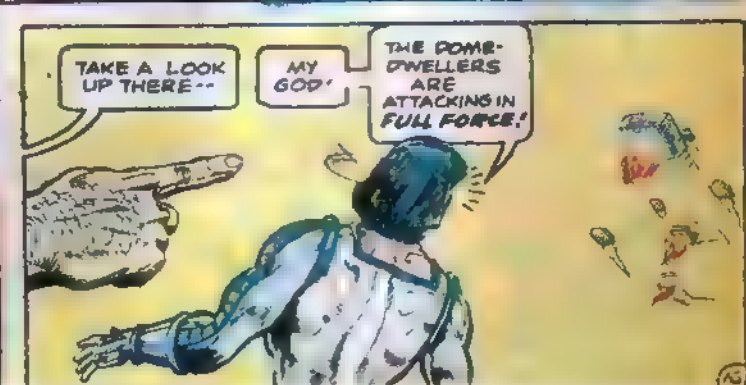

SOON AFTER...
WHAT'S OUR NEXT MOVE, CAPTAIN GALLAND?
A MEETING OF ALL TRIBAL LEADERS!
WE'VE GOT TO CONSOLIDATE EVERY GROUP INTO ONE HUGE FIGHTING UNIT!

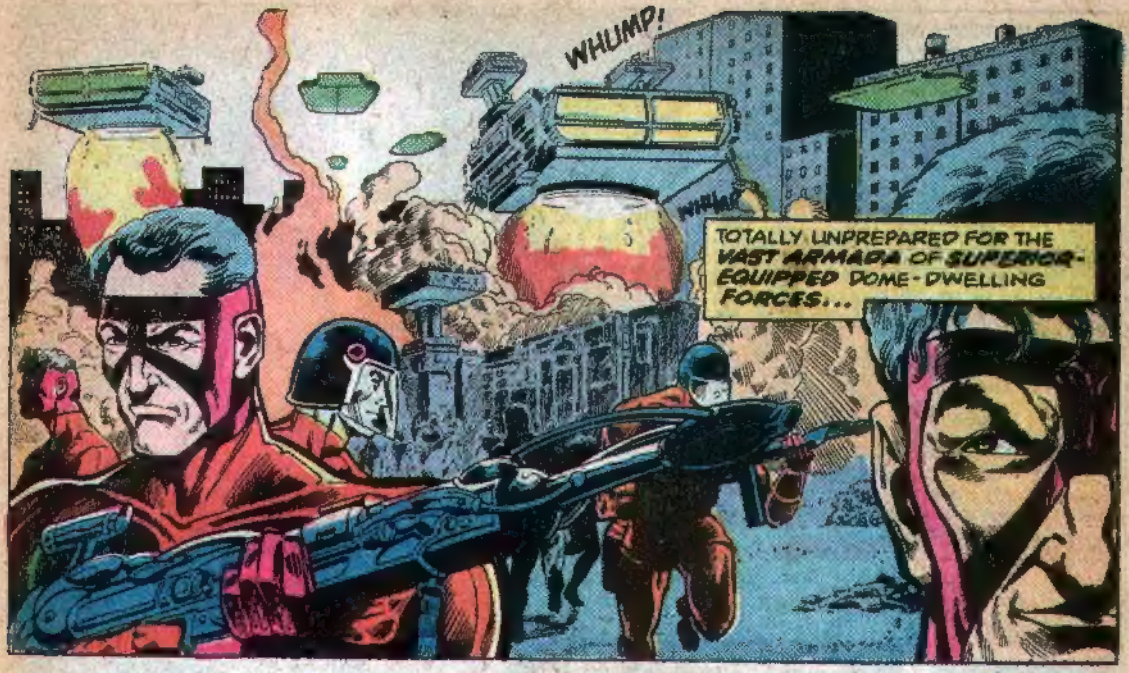

AND THE FOLLOWING AFTERNOON, HAVING GATHERED THE STREET PEOPLE'S REPRESENTATIVES TOGETHER...
NOW LET'S BE REALISTIC MEN...


THE DOME-DWELLERS HAVE A GREAT ADVANTAGE... A TRAINED MECHANIZED MILITARY WITH ADVANCED WEAPONRY...
AFTER THE WAR, THEY WERE BUSY WHILE YOU PEOPLE WERE SITTING AROUND ON YOUR BUTTS!

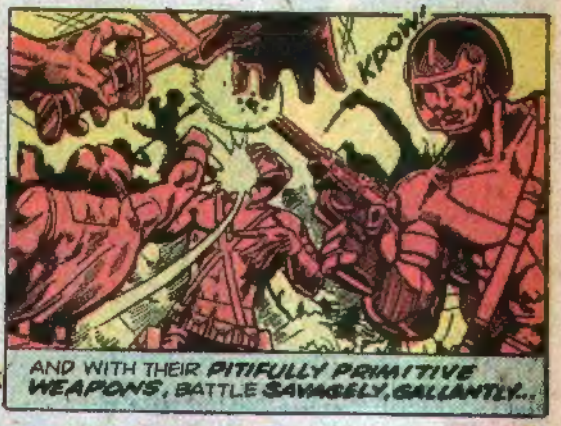
SO THERE'S A LOT OF CATCHING UP TO DO...
THERE'RE ABANDONED AIRFIELDS WHERE YOUR PEOPLE COULD GATHER PARTS TO BUILD FIGHTER PLANES...
MACHINE SHOPS WITH EQUIPMENT THAT COULD BE USED FOR MAKING FIREARMS...
SO LET'S NOT WASTE ANY MORE TIME TALKING... I'LL START BY HAVING MY TRIBE--
HUH?
WE GET THE PICTURE, CAPTAIN!
AND THERE'S NO DENYING THAT THIS IS SOMETHING WE SHOULD HAVE BEGUN YEARS AGO!

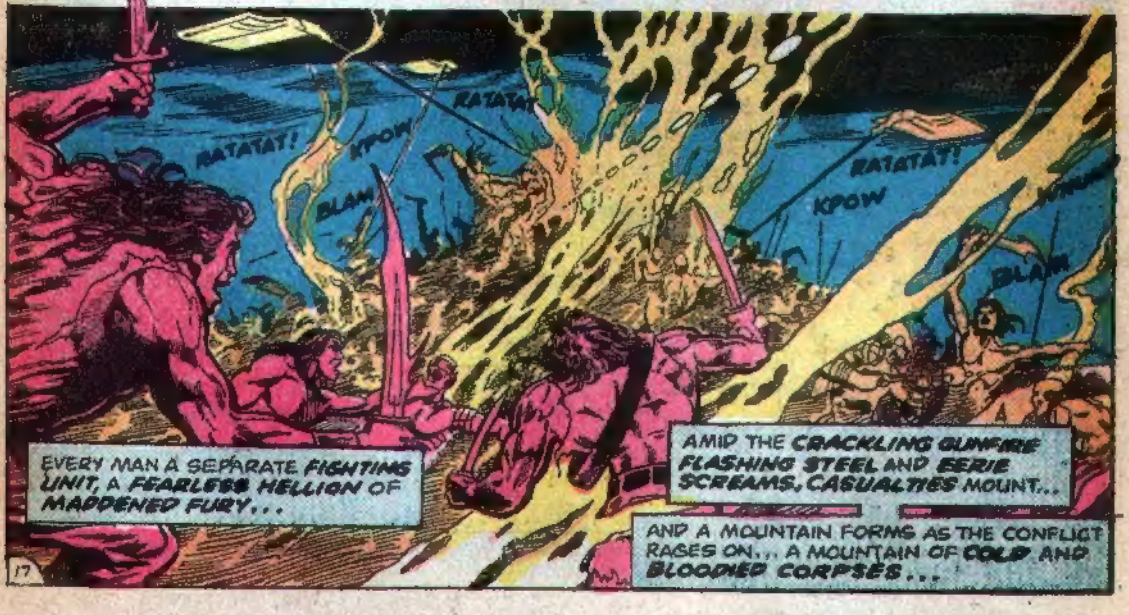
BEANS! IT'S TOO LATE...
YOU WOKE US UP TOO LATE, CAPTAIN...

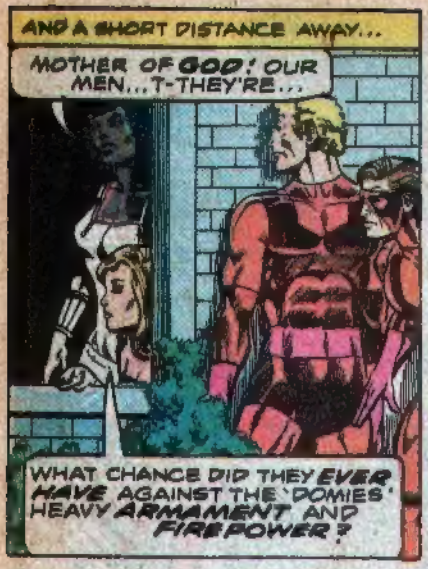

TAKE A LOOK UP THERE--
MY GOD!
THE DOME-DWELLERS ARE ATTACKING IN FULL FORCE!

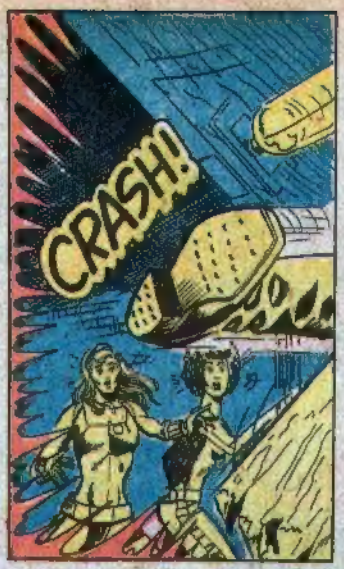

WHUMP!
TOTALLY UNPREPARED FOR THE VAST ARMADA OF SUPERIOR-EQUIPPED DOME-DWELLING FORCES...

...THE STREET PEOPLE, LED BY CAPTAIN GALLAND, MEET THEIR ENEMY HEAD-ON...


KPOW!
AND WITH THEIR PITIFULLY PRIMITIVE WEAPONS, BATTLE SAVAGELY, GALLANTLY...


RATATAT!
KPOW
RATATAT
BLAM
RATATAT!
KPOW
BLAM
EVERY MAN A SEPARATE FIGHTING UNIT, A FEARLESS HELLION OF MADDENED FURY...
AMID THE CRACKLING GUNFIRE FLASHING STEEL AND EERIE SCREAMS, CASUALTIES MOUNT...
AND A MOUNTAIN FORMS AS THE CONFLICT RAGES ON... A MOUNTAIN OF COLD AND BLOODIED CORPSES...

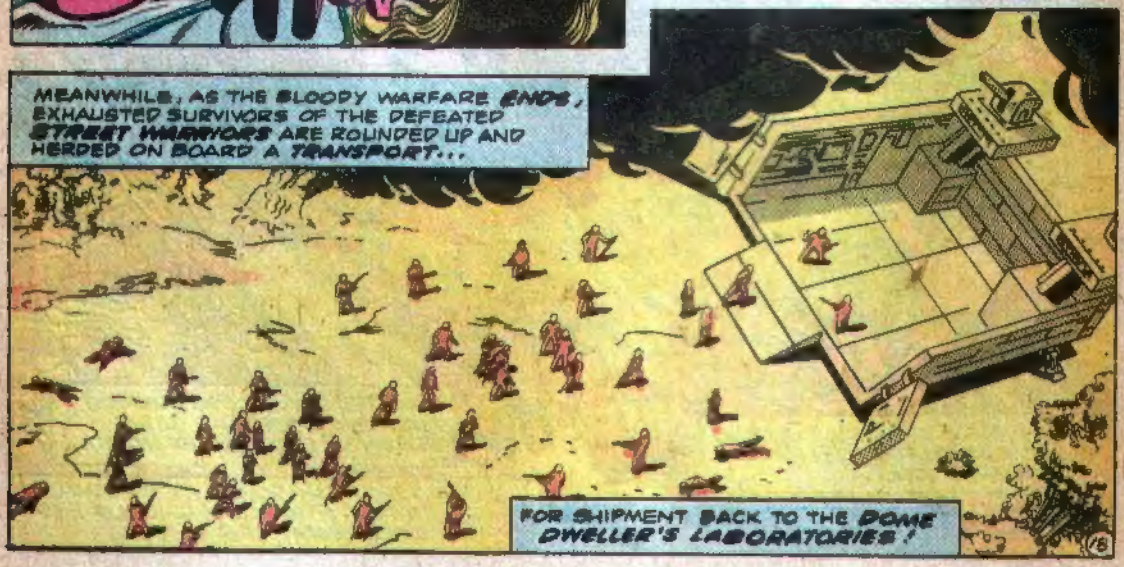

AND A SHORT DISTANCE AWAY...
MOTHER OF GOD! OUR MEN...T-THEY'RE...
WHAT CHANCE DID THEY EVER HAVE AGAINST THE 'DOMIES' HEAVY ARMAMENT AND FIREPOWER?

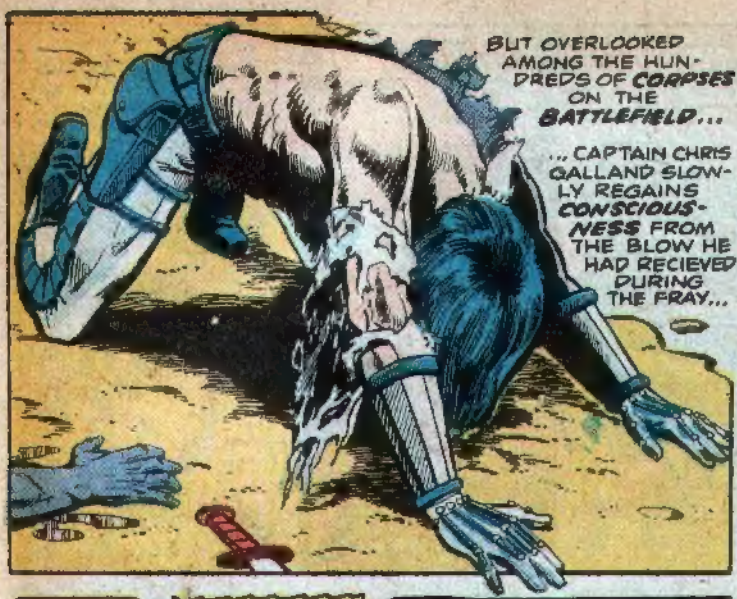

CRASH!

I BID YOU GREETINGS LADIES...

PERHAPS YOU WILL BE FLATTERED TO KNOW THAT OUR LEADER HAS A PARTICULAR INTEREST IN THE PURE-BLOOD STRAIN OF FEMALES!
FOR...AHEM...! PURELY SCIENTIFIC REASONS, OF COURSE!

WE THEREBY INTEND TO HONOR YOU BOTH...
BY HAVING YOU MATE WITH THE MORE CIVILIZED MALES OF OUR GROUP!
AND OUR OWN LEADER WILL BE THE FIRST!
COME!


MEANWHILE, AS THE BLOODY WARFARE ENDS, EXHAUSTED SURVIVORS OF THE DEFEATED STREET WARRIORS ARE ROUNDED UP AND HERDED ON BOARD A TRANSPORT...
FOR SHIPMENT BACK TO THE DOME DWELLER'S LABORATORIES!


BUT OVERLOOKED AMONG THE HUNDREDS OF CORPSES ON THE BATTLEFIELD...
... CAPTAIN CHRIS GALLAND SLOWLY REGAINS CONSCIOUSNESS FROM THE BLOW HE HAD RECIEVED DURING THE FRAY...

WHA-?

THAT ROTTEN PARASITE IS...
DRINKING BLOOD FROM THE CORPSE OF ONE OF OUR MEN!

WAIT... P-PLEASE...

THUD!
FOR WHAT?

I'M GOING TO END YOUR MISERABLE EXISTENCE RIGHT NOW, VAMPIRE!
N-NO! I H-HAD TO... DO IT!

YOU AND THE OTHER ASTRONAUTS CAUSED US TO... SEEK FRESH BLOOD IN THIS MANNER!
YOU DESTROYED OUR LABORATORY...
AND IT TAKES TIME TO BUILD ANOTHER...

IF THOSE VAMPIRES CAUSE ANY INJURY...

BRUISE JUST ONE FINGER OF EITHER GIRL...

I'LL DEDICATE MY LIFE TO KILLING EVERY LAST ONE OF THEM, CRAIG...

AMEN, CHRIS!

AMEN!

NEXT ISSUE: THE COUNTERATTACK ON THE VAMPIRE STRONGHOLD LEADS TO DISASTER IN: "VENGEANCE!"